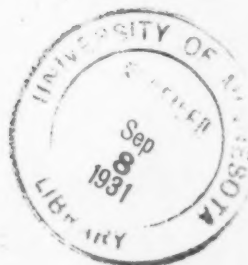


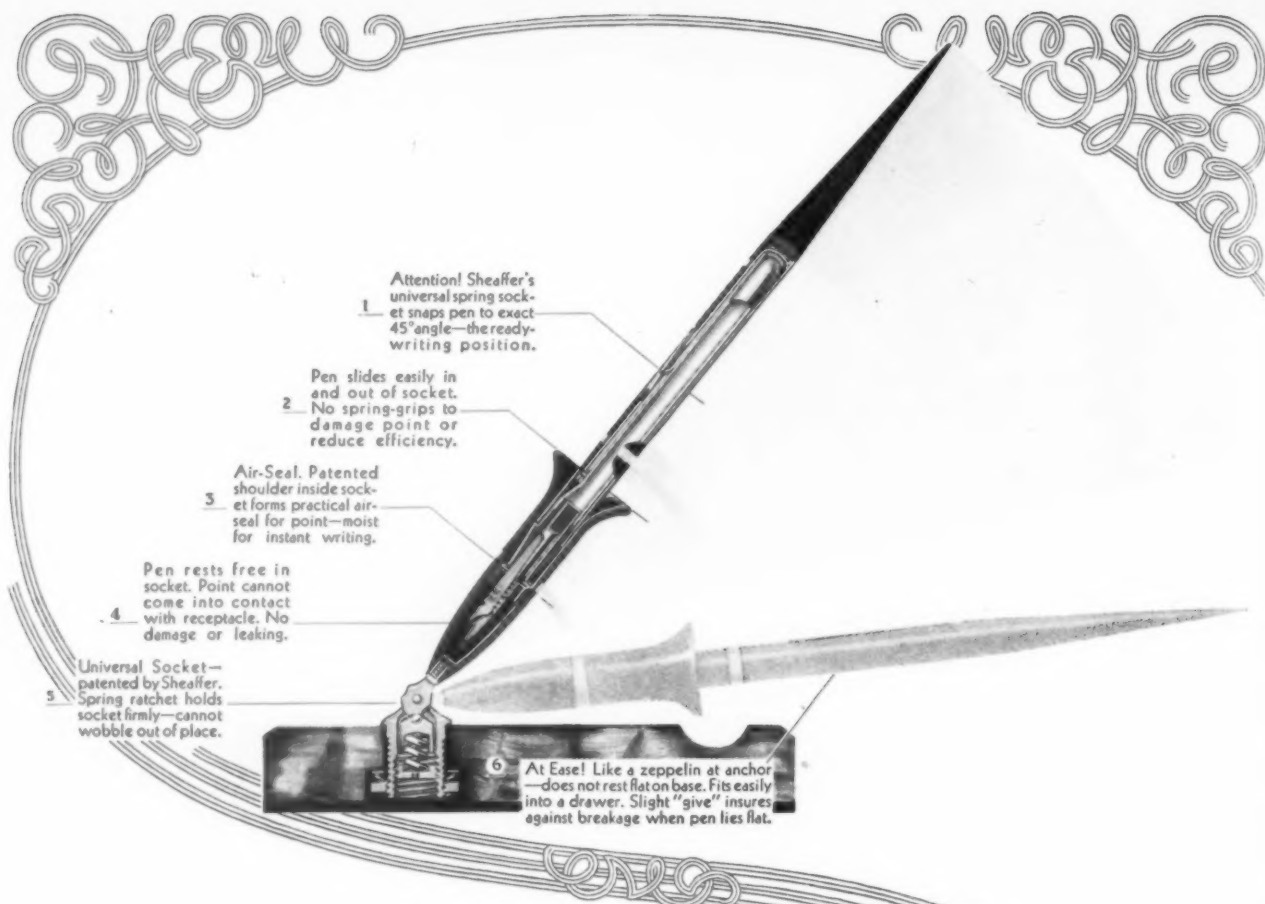
Life

10¢

September 11, 1931



"Sonny, do you s'pose mamma will let us keep him?"



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"Is it sunburn, big boy, or my suit?"

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HAMMOND

B I C H R O N O U S A N D S I M P L E S Y N C H R O N O U S E L E C T R I C C L O C K S

Life



"But think of its future—pull off the feather and you got derbies!"

"The tired business man," writes a theater critic, "wants something light and fluffy, a song and a dance." Something, as it were, that will go in one eye and out the other.

*

The next war, says a scientist, will be fought with poisons. In that case the United States is safe, because a million bootleggers could spring to arms overnight.

*

William Lyon Phelps proposes that advertising be used to prevent war. We suggest as a campaign slogan:

"Have peace with the U. S. It is always *kind* to your debts."

A Michigan couple who named their fourteenth child "Finis" about two years ago were recently blessed with twins.

We suggest that the twins be christened "Post" and "Script."

*

An eminent British biologist says our bodies are but peripatetic breweries. If this reaches the "Timid Soul" he'll starve for fear of being padlocked.

*

President Hoover's friends assert that he never uses profanity. But this is only his first term.

We hear that a petition is going the rounds, to change the designation of the September moon from "Harvest Moon" to something less annoying.

*

A tabloid editor has written a book. It would be real news if a tabloid reader should read one.

*

SIMILE—*As unhappy as a nudist in a hail storm.*

*

A well known St. Louis golfer is asking divorce, charging desertion. We understand he has looked everywhere for his wife—even at home.

Honeymoon Interlude

"HERE'S a piece I wrote for the paper," said Jimmy Greene, reporter for the Evening Star, grinning.

I read the clipping. It told that the Rory Astorisks had returned from their honeymoon spent at Clifsea, their Canadian hunting lodge.

Rory Astorisk, it said, had severe lacerations suffered in a hand to hand, or rather face to hand, encounter with an attacking wildcat. The bride had faint traces of a black eye acquired while trying to reach her husband during the fierce struggle.

"By the gleeful smirk on your unhandsome countenance," I said to Jimmy, "I perceive you haven't printed the truth."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "it's true."

"Do you mean to say it's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Well, it's all the news that's fit to print for people who think they think,"

said Jimmy. Then he told me the inside story.

CLIFSEA, the Astorisks' hunting lodge, sits alone on a high bluff overlooking the sea. To borrow a cup of sugar from the nearest neighbor you must get in the car and drive forty-two miles over what is called a road. Then the neighbor may not have the sugar.

"The very place for our honeymoon," agreed Zelda, the bride. "We'll be by ourselves there, alone with the trees and sea, butler, chauffeur, cook, maid, house boy and gardener. I love the wilds, Rory."

She screamed with delight as Rory forced their luggage laden car through the bushes which overhung the road. "Warhoo!" she cried. "I feel like an Indian, except my manicure is ruined."

At sunset they thrashed their way through to a clearing and stopped before a simple hunting lodge fashioned of cedar logs. It sat on a bluff high above the open sea. Back of it was a darkening forest. "It's swell," said the bride with an effort. "Blow your horn for the servants."

Rory's moment had arrived. "Zelda," he said, seizing the opening for the

speech he had been rehearsing several days, "we, you and I, shall always have all the comforts and luxuries money can buy."

"I'd give a dollar for a broiled bear," said the bride.

"Zelda, I've wanted, as we go through life, to have just two weeks of simplicity to guide us. I've wanted them to be our first two weeks, our honeymoon. Here we have the cabin, stocked with provisions. There are no servants. We are alone in the wilderness and must live or perish by our own efforts. You'll find the can opener in the kitchen cabinet."

"Listen, caveman," said the bride, hurt more than alarmed, "why didn't you confide in your trusting Zelda? Why didn't you tell me about your Adam and Eve complex?"

"I wanted to surprise you."

"You succeeded."

"Zelda, I shall bring wood and chop water. We have the glorious forest and dense sunset."

"I'll take a sunset sandwich," said the bride.

"You'll get in that kitchen and start dinner while I unload this luggage," said Rory.

"You think so? I'm going home." She crossed to the car, entered and slammed the door. "You can stay if you choose, Daniel Boone."

Rory smiled. "The car runs better," he said, "when you have the keys." He dangled the keys in his hand.

Zelda grew pale. "Listen caveman," she said calmly. "Let's have the keys." Without warning she was out of the car and scratching at his face with her pointed nails. She fastened one hand in his hair and with eyes closed clawed madly.

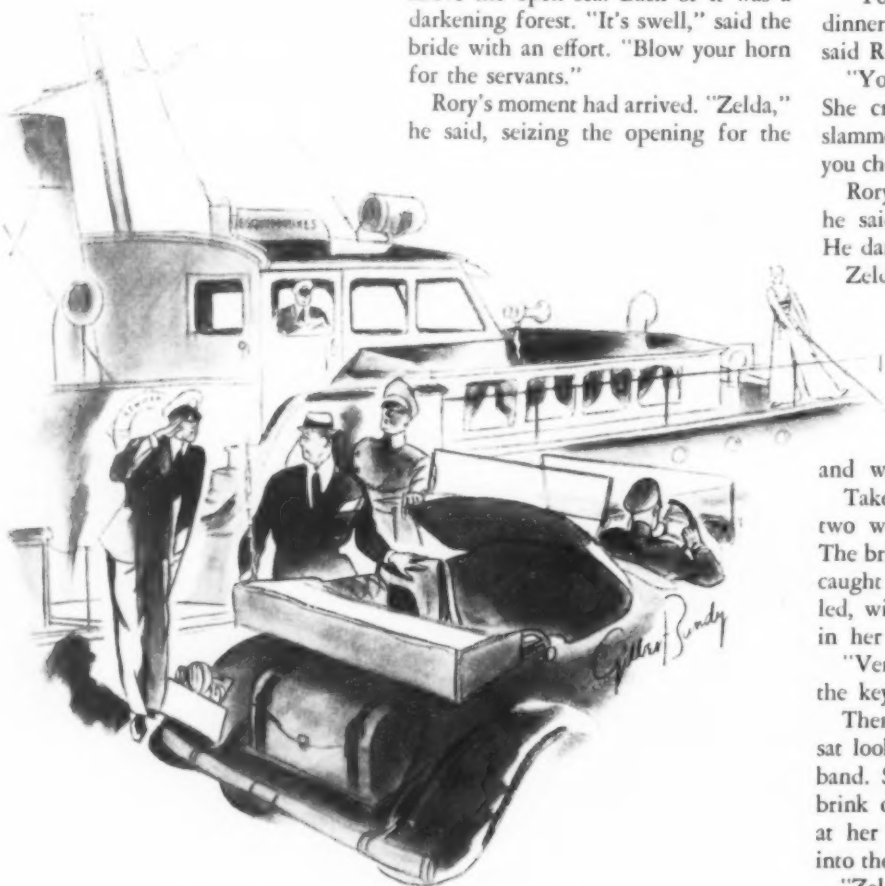
Taken unaware, Rory retreated. The two were on the brink of the cliff. The bridegroom's fist shot upward and caught the bride in the eye. She crumpled, with the keys to the car clutched in her hand.

"Very well," said Rory. "You have the keys."

There was a long silence as Zelda sat looking from the keys to her husband. She rose slowly, walked to the brink of the cliff, turned and smiled at her husband, and tossed the keys into the ocean.

"Zelda!" cried Rory.

"Listen, Admiral Byrd," said the



"That will be all for this summer, Max."



"Take a look, Miss Botts. We want the reaction of the lay mind."

bride. "All I ask is that you confide in me next time. I was up here Tuesday checking over the provisions and you forgot to buy pickles and olives. You'll find some in that brown bag. Now get busy unpacking the luggage and let's have dinner."
—Tom Sims.

Is Marriage Recreation?

Reported engaged to an actress he met on a vacation journey, James Stillman said, "Getting married is not my idea of a holiday." There is an old maxim about marrying in haste and repenting at work.

In "Loco" Parentis

An heir to millions is running a night club in New York.

Ordinarily night clubs are run by an heir's parents.

Cheaper Disappointment

In an effort to stimulate ocean travel another reduction has been made in the fares.

If this continues most of us soon will be content to remain at home.

Always Obliging

A Californian, the one who married Aimee McPherson's mother, faces a breach of promise suit and a bigamy charge. Presumably he is just one of those individuals who can't say "No."

The Headline-Writer Comes Home

"Hello, Joe, dear—*Wife Speeds to Meet Mate*. I didn't expect you home so soon."

"Hello, Mary—*Weary Breadwinner Surprises Spouse*—anything new?"

"Yes, Joe—*Junior Question Reaches Crux*."

"*Situation Grave?*"

"Well, he's had another fight with Jimmy Smith."

"*Father Demands Thorough Probe. Have you Grilled Suspect?*"

"Yes—*Launches Self Defense Plea. Charges Playmate Hurling Brickbat*."

"Does he Laud Aim?"

"Yes, but *Deplores Result*."

"*Flays Youth?*"

"Yes, and *Scores Motive*."

"Well now, look here, Mary, Junior has got to stop this fighting. Whether he's in the right or in the wrong he *Scorns Parents, Flaunts Law and Assaults Authority*. Get me my slipper—I'll show him who's *Solon* around here!"
—K. B.

On Your Hat

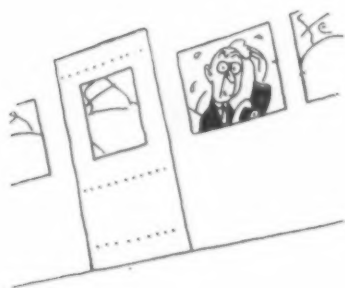
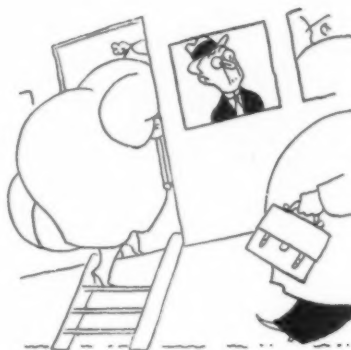
"The wide brim or 'sailor' type will be popular in men's straw hats next summer," says a haberdasher.

Many of us were hoping for the narrow brim or "autogyro" type.



"A guy can prefer bein' bald—can't he?"

GLYNN WILLIAMS



TAKING THE AIR

Tactful Questions

"Glad to see you back, Messrs. Herndon and Pangborn. Did you take any good snapshots on your trip?"

"Don't you think the telephone company's long distance service is constantly improving, Mr. Curry?"

(To the American Davis Cup Team)
"Did you meet any interesting Englishmen on your trip to Europe?"

"How do you plan to spend your next summer vacation, Mr. Diamond?"

(To a Kansas farmer) "Lovely weather for wheat growing, isn't it?"

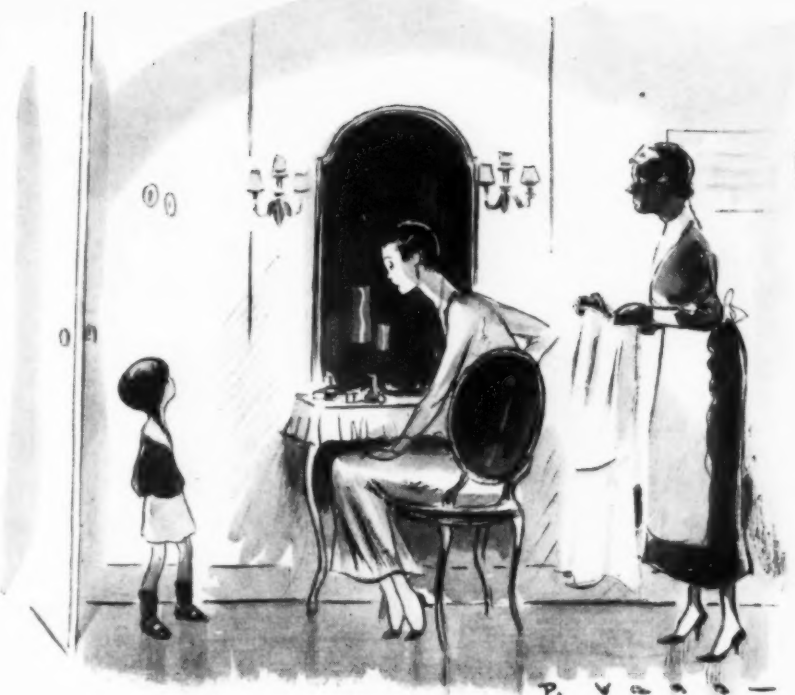
"Magnificent structure, that Empire State Building, isn't it, Mr. Chrysler?"

"Seen any good talkies lately, Mr. Ziegfeld?"

"Can I help you to a little of this roast beef, Mr. Shaw?"

"I'm not late, am I, Mayor Walker?"

"How do you stand on the Vanderbilt Convention, Mr. Arno?"—P. C.



"Do you mind if I dye my hair blond, Mummy—I'm not getting anywhere with the men."

The Uses of Latin and Greek

I'm sorry that Latin and Greek are abolished
As entrance requirements for Yale,
For how can a man become cultured and polished
If in these two subjects he fail?
How well I remember the chair that I sat in
While waiting my chance to recite!
I penciled the English on top of the Latin
And always translated it right.

The classical training I garnered at college
Has stood me in excellent stead;
I'm broader and wiser by far for the knowledge
That Cerberus ferries the dead.
I'll always remember how Hercules swam
To Medusa, on nightly excursions,
And the suitors that Ajax persuaded to scam
When he finished defeating the Persians.

I hope that my children develop their brains
And become, like their Daddy, well rounded;
In Ovy and Livid and Aristophanes
I'll see that they're thoroughly grounded.
I'll tell of the Janitaur, monster of Crete,
And how Priam was torn by the vulture,
For I know, by experience pleasant and sweet,
The value of classical culture. —N. R. J.



"Yep, they let him go. He played the curb too much."

The Tourist's Catechism

Question—What did you do this summer?

Answer—I spent the summer in Europe.

Q—What is anyone who fails to cross the ocean on the boat you took?

A—A fool.

Q—How many trips have you taken to Europe?

A—That was my first.

Q—What did you fail to see during your entire stay on the continent?

A—A single person in any way intoxicated.

Q—What did you go to Europe to get away from?

A—Americans.

Q—And where did you stay most of the time?

A—Paris.

Q—But you hasten to add—?

A—That we were quartered in a section seldom frequented by Americans.

Q—What did you discover that Paris was not nearly as much as it is reputed to be?

A—Wild.

Q—But you can not say for sure because you do not—?

A—Look for those things.

Q—What is the mistake that most Americans make, and you avoided?

A—Calling for ice-water in a French restaurant.



A Hollywood Honeymoon.



"Salesmen? Well, I should say not. Those are customers!"

Q—And, if you were running the country, the first thing you would do would be to remedy the French—?

A—Coffee.

Q—What is it a mistake to attempt to cover in two hours as most Americans do?

A—The Louvre.

Q—What is your general opinion of Europe?

A—My general opinion of Europe is that in many things we Americans have much to learn from it.

Q—But you must also add—?

A—That Europe also has many things to learn from America.

Q—And your conclusion is that travel—?

A—Broadens one.

—Parke Cummings.

Hurry Up Gabriel

Mr. Wilbur Glenn Voliva predicts that the end of the world will come in 1935. It seems a long time to wait.

The Well-Dressed Crook

Six hundred pairs of pajamas were stolen in a recent burglary.

We understand that the police are watching the beaches.

Perfect Cop

A Chicago policeman directed traffic twenty-one years without issuing a summons. We need more like him.

Try It Again

An attempted payroll robbery in Los Angeles failed because the girl cashier screamed for help. A passing movie director is quoted as saying it was not at all true to life.



"Pardon me sir—but is the lady with you?"

Nightmare of a Boys' Camp Director

"JUNIOR isn't a strong boy and I would like you to see that he wears a sweater when he plays baseball on cold nights and receives two blankets but no sugar in his coffee. . . His tonsils should write home every night and his teeth should be brushed with his poncho every time that it rains. . . The doctor says he can't have candy and only two pieces of sunburn when the pie is passed on hot days. . .

HE nearly drowned last summer at Camp Wookamookoo and should never be allowed to dive into poison ivy which is very bad for his delicate digestion and might bring back an attack of bronchitis unless he eats lots of green vegetables when swimming under water with a rubber cap on. . . He fell on his head when he was three years old and should never be allowed to have a second portion of ice cream unless the fishing instructor baits the hook for him when he appears in amateur theatricals. . . I don't want to interfere with your administration of the camp but he must be carefully watched and given perfect freedom to express himself exactly as the spirit moves him provided he has constant supervision and isn't permitted to exercise his own initiative."

—A. L.



"How do you find time to work with all these good things to read around?"



Life Looks About

Saving the World

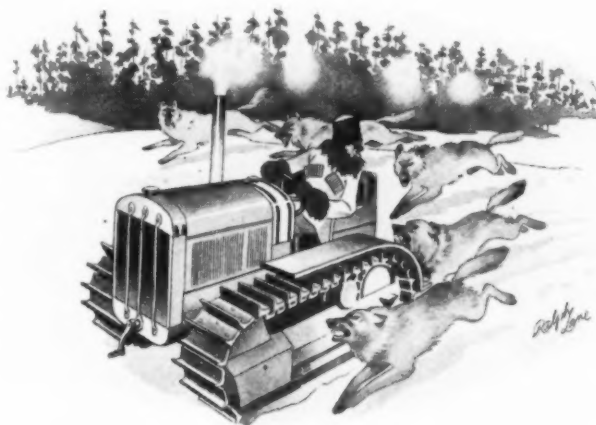
THIS job of saving Europe abounds in perplexities, some of them very curious. Arthur Hirst, in a letter to the *London Times* on July 28th, says he has just spent two months in different parts of Germany in close association with many people on terms, as he says, of linguistic equality, and he reports that one dangerous and obstructive factor to getting Germany straightened out is what he calls the success of the "war guilt lie" propaganda. As the result of it, he finds that ninety percent of the Germans now firmly and positively believe that their country was attacked in 1914, and that the whole war and Treaty of Versailles constituted the greatest crime in all history against a noble and innocent people. In 1919 and 1920, he says, the German people were humbled and chastened, but as the result of the "war guilt lie" propaganda they now feel themselves deeply injured and are bitterly resentful.

OF course that is a bad state of mind and serious. One may readily admit that the great war was the outcome of the state of mind of all Europe and not of Germany alone, but the idea that the Germans were a lot of innocent people attacked by ferocious adversaries will not wash for a minute. If they have this idea now well fixed in their heads, as Mr. Hirst says, it adds to difficulties that were already ample. Our own German exculpators have contributed to this state of mind, not going so far as to proclaim Germany guiltless but looking too much in that direction. *The New Republic* has made its contribution, so has Mr. Bris-

bane, who thinks we were foolish to have anything to do with that war. Too bad! Too bad! But it is just another notion that will have to come out in the wash, which is going to be a very large one.

Is Cuba Learning?

THE revolution in Cuba seems as yet not to be prospering. The news we get is to the effect that the rebels are losing. The best success possible for it would be reformation of the existing government, and possibly that much success will be won. The preponderance of news that has been in our papers about President Machado has been unfavorable to him, but he seems to have shown energy and vigor in putting down the rebellion and is reported to be occupied now with a program of constitutional reform intended to appease the opposition.



"Confound the five year plan!"

The information of the average newspaper reader about Cuban affairs is doubtless very incomplete. If a revolution could result in improved government of any permanency, one might wish that this present disturbance might succeed. But what one revolution really leads to, is another, and government by revolution or even improvement in government by revolution, is apt to be both expensive and temporary.

However, revolution is a form of instruction. If the Machado government pays attention to the present one the disturbance may be worthwhile.

Wanted! Gunmen!

THE last item of the Wickersham report as exhibited in the headlines is to effect that the disorder in this country is not due to aliens or persons of foreign parentage.

Not entirely of course, perhaps not even preponderantly, but one cannot read the newspapers without receiving the impression that Italians are rather handier with weapons of all kinds and more inclined to use them in the settlement of grievances or dissatisfactions than persons of the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic breeds.

Memphis has long had the highest murder rate, due presumably to a large Negro population. The great mass of Negroes are orderly enough, but when you get a bad one he may run amuck. So, no doubt, the great mass of the Italians are orderly and industrious, but the bad Italians; who are eager to dominate and loot the good ones, seem to contribute to crime in great cities far beyond what their numbers entitle them to.

The thing that hinders justice is the unwillingness of victims of injustice to testify against their bullies and tormentors. In some cases it is simply a consequence of fear; in others, and especially among criminals themselves, it is bad form to tell.

IN noticing the death of Mrs. La Follette, widow of "Fighting Bob" and mother of a Senator and a Governor, the headlines said she dominated state politics but was content to be in the background as her family held office.

If so, she chose the better part especially for a woman, but a part often preferred by men with a taste for politics. To be a boss or a manager—a Francis Blair, a Thurlow Weed, a Colonel House, or even a Penrose, or a Charles Murphy, or what you will, is a luxury job in politics. In a way it is power without responsibility, but it is truer to call it power with the minimum of drudgery.

—E. S. Martin.

Making-Up

Your clever way of making-up,
Dear, slammed me for a goal,
Until I groveled at your feet
A subjugated soul;
Your eyes, your hair, your flaming lips
Were charms that won my heart,
But what I thought was natural
Was cultivated art.

I was so dazzled by your looks
That I proposed one night,
But, ere the honeymoon had waned,
I knew I'd picked a fight,
And now, although fierce arguments
Are anything but new,
Your clever way of making-up
Still keeps me tied to you.

—E. D. K.

The Losing Colors

Illinois auto license plates for 1932 will be orange and blue, the colors of the state university. They were chosen in preference to black and blue, the colors of the state's pedestrians.

Loan Asset

At a garage fire in Philadelphia more than 200 autos burned. Many families lost everything they had.



N. Y. COP: Sorry sir! He's got an okay permit for the gun!

LIFE IN SOCIETY



NOTED YACHTSMAN BECALMED ON A SHOAL.

Mr. Kenneth Kendabl's Class M sloop "Lucky Pal" tacking down the wind in the recent Provincetown regatta. Captain Kendabl is temporarily hove to on a sandbar because of a jammed centerboard and lack of sleep.

Mrs. Thomas P. Murray will entertain at "Murrayhell," her Southampton home, tomorrow with a tea-hee for the Nassau County League of Women Vodeo-doters.

Mrs. Buzzell Warburton, Philadelphia, has gone to Lake Memphremagog, Que. Mr. Buzzell Warburton has gone to Saratogagog, N. Y.

Miss Margaret C. Walker of Milford, Miss Helen T. Young of Greenwich, Miss Lulu Nolan and Miss Mary A. Murphy of Bridgeport are aboard the *Belgenland* on a ten days' Wild West Indian cruise.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Defreest arrived yesterday on the *Deutschland* and are at the Delmonico until Duesday.

Mrs. Walter Wagner has offered the gardens of her country home at Cold Spring Harbor for a benefit for the shelter, a home for friendless animals, on a date to be selected later. Mrs. Robert O. Schmitz, a large stray cat, has already accepted with pleasure.

Brilliant sunshine drew all East Hampton to the beach yesterday morning, and brilliant moonshine to the Maidstone Club that evening.

—Jack Cluett.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

AUGUST 20.—Awake betimes, and with a start, too, for up through my subconscious did come the realization that Katie Jackson and I have not let the choirmaster know what hymns we should like sung on the coming Sabbath, not wishing to chance any doleful quatrains dealing with states of grace, hopes of glory, etc., abstractions whose desirability should be taken for granted, when the hymnal is surcharged with braver stanzas set to stirring tunes. Pondering this and that over a fine breakfast of melon and lake trout, in especial how so many writers, in describing dinner parties, do give way to the gleam of silver and crystal, the fragrance of centerpieces, the beauty of napery, the softness of candlelight, etc., until the reader might suspect them of dining all their own lives off deal boards unhappily situated, and then compose table talk which would be unworthy of an institution for defectives. But I daresay the entire transcription of any given actual dinner would be dull enough, forasmuch as such functions invariably include an individual who has been to Russia, or won a lawsuit, or breeds fighting cocks, or thinks Woodrow Wilson the greatest man in our history. Most of the morning gone arranging for the renewal of my insurance policies, and this time I did make provision for the loss or theft of Mabel and Valina, my sables. Contract at Jennie Bower's, and she had sandwiches of bacon and raised biscuit for tea, in compliance with my special request, but Cal Saunders, the little glutton, ate more of them than I dared to, she not having gained twelve pounds since the first of July. Much talk of many things, including the psychology of some of our bridge cronies, and we did all agree that Lacy Hatfield, who pays her gaming debts cheerfully enough but gloats inordinately when the score favors her, is a good loser but a bad winner.

AUGUST 21.—Sam extremely garrulous this morning, dealing out odd fragments from his animadversions with commendable generosity, but I could not wax greatly agog at hearing that nobody but an American,

with only two thousand dollars to his name, would start forth on a trip to Europe, nor was I astonished at his confidence that, in similar straits, his sole inspiration to a long journey would be the news that the Pendennis Club of Louisville was selling off its wine cellar. But I could not refrain from reading to my own advantage between his lines, so I did speak of the debt moratorium which I have instituted in my own behalf without governmental sanction, and the poor wretch did write me out a cheque which may permit some of my more extensive creditors to sleep at night. Then, spurred to my duties in conversation reciprocity, I did tell him that what this country needs is fewer

women with long crimson fingernails, that a great contribution to medical science would be a zipper for opening and closing surgical wounds, and that many persons boast of things which should, on the contrary, shame them, such as being unable to ride backwards in a railway carriage or having had forbears who came over on the Mayflower. Whereupon, having finished my quota of toast and marmalade, I did beseech Samuel to remove the remainder on my tray from my line of vision, forasmuch as I do not possess the gastronomic psychology of the urchin who dropped the final peanut from his bag on the floor of the bus in which he was riding with his mother, and who, forbidden by his parent to retrieve it, sat patiently for a time and finally quoth, "Mummy, may I please get down on the floor and just look at that peanut?"



"Please don't be annoyed with things, dear. Remember they fight duels over here."

*"Isn't Sonny sweet?
He's taking an apple
to his teacher!"*



SONNY AND PATRICIA.

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by Jack Kofoed

THE girl was small and compact. Her legs were rather thicker than beauty demanded, and if you had touched them you would have found their sheaths of muscle as hard as steel. Though she was the greatest woman athlete that ever lived, there was nothing masculine about Louise Armaindo except the toughness of her body. Her smile was alluringly white toothed and her dark eyes full of sex-appeal . . . though that was a day before feminine fascination had so obvious a label attached to it.

In Louise Armaindo's business sex-appeal was a help at the box-office, but was no help in her actual work. She doubled in brass, so to speak, as a weight-lifter, bicycle rider and long distance walker . . . and was better than most men at any of those jobs.

She stood at the starting line in this hall in Union Park, St. Louis, and glanced along the circular, sawdust-strewn track with an appraising eye. . . . A twenty-four hour walking race . . . that was the ticket . . . against Carrie Howard and Nellie Worrell. . . . They were the best women pedestrians in the West, angular, raw-boned women, with the sort of legs you'd expect professional walkers to have.

Ah, but here was the difficulty. . . . Little Louise was to walk against these two for twenty-four hours. Nellie and Carrie might rest and relieve each other as they chose. . . . Miss Armaindo must go on. . . . She would have no help. . . . Through those long hours every nerve and muscle must be strained to keep ahead of her rivals.

THE Canadian girl had made up her mind that she would not leave the track for any reason. She would literally walk her rivals into the ground. . . . She smiled a little as she thought of it . . . and the hungry-eyed men in the bleacher seats, staring at her white-stockinged legs and rounded little body, smiled back at her.

The starting gun sounded. . . . Louise, with Carrie Howard at her heels, started off briskly. . . . There is nothing exciting in the beginning of a walking race. . . . The thrill comes

only when the contestants begin to fight off weariness . . . when exhaustion sits like an Old Man of the Sea on their sagging shoulders. . . . The spectator suffers vicariously with the women on the track. . . . Perhaps Dr. Freud could find some inhibition to account for that thrill.

Hour after hour passed. Carrie would throw herself on a cot at the track-side and relax her aching muscles, while Nellie took up the interminable chase. . . . But Louise walked on with an easy, swinging stride that gave no hint of weariness.

You just knew she was tired, though. There must have been a hot ache in her back. The tendons down the back of her legs must have felt like white-hot wires.

The worst handicap was the sawdust. Her busy little feet kicked it up in spurts behind her. It seeped through the tops of her shoes, and settled around her ankles and heels. At first it was only annoying. Then the constant friction cut the stockings and scraped her flesh raw. The pain was such that Louise forgot her wear-

ing for eighteen hours. Her heels and ankles were a mess, but she refused to leave the track.

Her manager came out, and walked beside her, arguing. He gestured as he talked. The spectators leaned forward, and tried to hear what he said.

"Come on now, Louise," he demanded. "Let's fix you up. You're so far ahead they'll never catch you. It'll only take a few minutes, anyway."

The girl wanted to set a record of having kept on the track for the entire twenty-four hours, but even so stubborn a spirit as hers realized that she must give in.

SO, she seated herself on a bench, stripping off her blood stained stockings in view of everyone. This was in a day when a woman's legs were something of a sacred mystery . . . so the "Ohs and Ahs" were more of surprise than pity for the scarred feet. The wounds were washed and bandaged. Fresh stockings were pulled on over the white legs, and, having been absent from her task for only twelve minutes Louise Armaindo went briskly back to the track.

For this little spell the thoroughly tired Carrie Howard and Nellie Worrell had, perhaps, a recrudescence of hope. They thought that the Canadian girl might have to quit. They were miles behind now . . . hopelessly out of it unless a miracle came to their aid. . . . But the miracle that had



. . . She had been walking for eighteen hours—her heels and ankles were a mess . . .

ness. Her mind centered on that seat of her discomfort. She tried to think of other things . . . but she couldn't.

Her white teeth showed behind her lips, but in a grimace of pain . . . not in a smile this time. She had been walk-

seemed on its way never did happen.

Louise came out . . . smiling again. She moved more briskly than ever. Where in the devil did she get her energy?

Five hours to go . . . four . . . three
(Continued on page 30)

Life at Home



NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Every night "Punctuality," as the residents have named a large gray rat, comes out of a clump of bushes near a street corner, climbs a telegraph pole, walks a half block along the wires, and vanishes into the foliage of a tree overhanging the telegraph line. People living in the neighborhood claim that he has not missed a night in four years and that he is always on time.

CRATER LAKE, ORE.—College athletes have been employed this summer to work at this resort and are giving the place a bad name. Visitors seeing the numerals on the collegians' sweaters have criticized the management for hiring convict labor.

CHICAGO—Bald-headed men may be shy. J. C. Richardson, wanting 50 of them for a motion picture of some kind put the following ad in a newspaper: "Wanted—Fifty bald-headed men, neat appearing; one day's work; apply 10 a. m."

Nobody responded.

STOUGHTON, MASS.—If you're searching for good luck get in touch with Mrs. Lydie French. She picked 480 four-leaf clovers at camping grounds near Plymouth.

SEATTLE—Tom Maloney, 20-year-old laborer, calmly stood by while policemen searched him and found \$18.10 distributed about in his pockets,

but when they took 75 cents out of his watch pocket, he cried, "Hey, that's mine." He was held as a burglar suspect.

TULSA, OKLA.—The following sign appeared over a suburban filling station as the owner's interpretation of the tax and the price of gasoline: "Sad but true—Alfalfa Bill 5 cents; Phillips Petroleum Co. 4 cents; me 2 cents; total 11 cents per gallon."

SYDNEY, NEB.—Knocking rattlesnakes' heads off with a golf club supplies practice of a kind that develops accuracy, according to members of the Sydney Country Club course where until recently it was a common experience to encounter one or more of the reptiles.

Strangely enough, although hundreds of the snakes were killed in the club's nine-year battle with rattlesnakes, not a member of the club was bitten.

"Why, those snakes just made better golfers out of us," said Guy D. Doran, past club president. "We used to practice knocking the heads off of snakes with our drivers. We just had to hit that head or take our own chances with the rattler. It developed an aim that couldn't be formed under years of training by professionals. I suggest more rattlesnakes for the man who whiffs his drives."

CHICAGO—Mrs. Mildred Straka is suing her husband for divorce. She promises to exhibit a handful of hair from the head of her rival when the case comes up in court.

LOS ANGELES—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bennett have been divorced but will continue to reside in the same house. Before marrying Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Bennett had been his housekeeper, and Mr. Bennett told the divorce court that, while the lady had disappointed him as a wife, he still liked her cooking. So Mrs. Bennett remains in his house as housekeeper with alimony of \$50 a month while working for her ex-husband.



"How long were you in Paris?"
"That's what I've been trying to find out."

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

NEARLY everyone who knows him well likes Hiram Johnson. But Hiram doesn't believe it. Not for a minute. He distrusts everybody. He always suspects there is a hatchet concealed behind each friend's back. Once in a great while he lets down his guard, and actually treats someone as his friend.

"You must feel good to hear the way those people cheer you," said Jim Nourse, one of Johnson's most enthusiastic admirers among newspaper men, as the pair drove away from a polling place back in 1916.

"I suppose it's all right," said Johnson grudgingly, "but the cold truth is, Jim, that I am licked by 100,000."

He was elected by 300,000.

Hiram acquired this distrusting habit early in life. He was sure the Southern Pacific was a wicked monster devouring California. His own father was attorney for the Southern Pacific. So he fought them both.

He joined Theodore Roosevelt in distrusting the Republican Party in 1912, running with him for vice president on the Bull Moose ticket. The Old Guard did not like that much. Nor did they like it when he swept California four years later but Hughes lost the state.

So despite amazing primary victories in 1920, despite Wood and Lowden throwing away their chances, the Old Guard would not let him have the presidential nomination.

But they offered him the vice presidency—twice! Once as running mate with Philander Knox and again with Warren Harding. And both men died, so that if Hiram had accepted either proffer he, and not Calvin Coolidge, would have been president.

SO it is no wonder that Johnson is embittered. Though suspicious of everyone, there is really no one to blame but himself, and that is a terrible thing. It is the sort of thing that makes a golfer want to break his clubs after a bad shot.

In the Senate Johnson is almost as much of a lone wolf as Borah. He regards himself as the original Progressive of them all. Didn't he run on the Progressive ticket with Roosevelt,

when La Follette sulked in his tent, and Borah, Norris, et al supported Taft?

But the Progressives will have none of him. Being from California, Johnson has to vote to protect California products when tariff bills come up. And California has so many products that need protection that he has to vote for the other fellow's schedules too, so that the other fellow will vote for California. So on the tariff he is a "regular," the present Progressive style being low tariff!

His cup of bitterness ran clean over when Herbert Hoover was nominated



and elected President. Especially because his own state of California seemed so enthusiastic about it. And particularly because his pet hate in all the world, the *Los Angeles Times*, was so friendly to Hoover.

Washington loves stories of feuds, and that between Thad Caraway, sharpest-tongued Democratic senator, and Hiram, admitted champion on the Republican side, is never permitted to cool.

Several years ago Johnson moved

into beautiful and historic Calvert Manor, near Riverdale, Maryland. It is literally a palace, and was filled with priceless heirlooms. He rented the place on easy terms from a supposed admirer, and was planning to buy it.

But one day he found that Senator Caraway had already bought it, and was insisting that he move out!

Caraway's description of what followed has convulsed many a dinner party. According to the Arkansan, Johnson had converted a salon in this old palace into a garage. A fire developed, which destroyed old carved panels, and other priceless things—things which Caraway had paid for!

BUT Caraway's address is now given in the Congressional Directory: "Calvert Mansion, Riverdale," while Johnson's is "122 Maryland Avenue, Northeast."

Save for Senator Joe Robinson, of Arkansas, who resides at Methodist Dry Headquarters, just a few doors from Johnson, no other senator lives in any other section than fashionable Northwest. It simply isn't done.

But Johnson doesn't mix very much in Washington social life. He and his wife have friends in to enjoy their own showings of moving pictures, or to play poker, of which he is very fond. Indeed Caraway was one of those who dropped in for poker, before the Calvert Mansion episode. Not any more.

All of which is considerably more of a loss to Washington's official society than it is to Johnson. He doesn't need it. Very decidedly it needs him. Once his suspicion is even temporarily cast aside, he becomes one of the most diverting conversationalists, forceful, colorful, armor-piercing, sometimes devastating, but always interesting. And there is so much solemn stupidity, elephantine wit, and weary platitudinizing at senatorial dinner parties!

To hear the man express his carefully thought out and forcefully enunciated opinion of Herbert Hoover is a treat no student of our times should forego. Even such Hoover worshippers as Henry Robinson, of Los Angeles, and Walter Newton, once of Minnesota, could not help enjoying it, though of course they would never admit it, and would feel obligated to do some sort of penance for having laughed!

Crazy Tales

Join the Crazy and See the World!
Learn geography in just a few wheezy lessons!

Here below are printed a few otherwise unprintable jokes and it's up to you to locate the answers. After you arrive, like any other tourist, you merely wonder why.

For example:

A tall man and a short man met in Paris. "Didn't I see you at Harry's New York Bar yesterday?" inquired the short one.

"No," replied the tall one. "It must have been the name of a Dutch possession fellow."

Answer: "SUMATRA."

Get it? What the man said was, "It must have been SUM-ATRA fellow."

Now go on with the insanity!

...

1. The prodigal had returned and his father was incredulous for joy.

"Is it really my own son come back to me?" he exclaimed, holding out his arms in welcome.

"Well," replied the youth somewhat testily, "the name of an Alaskan river the name of a South American country eyes, can't you?"

...

2. The police had been called to quell a riot, and one of the rioters said to his companion, "Gosh, the name of a city on the Volga officer!"

"The name of a European river eat it!" replied the other.

...

3. One gang leader had just muscled in on another's racket.

"The name of a Mexican state to live!" cried the injured one.

"Aw," replied the other, "you're the name of a Virginian bay bluff!"

...

4. The young couple were shopping and had stopped before a stand of coconuts. "Are those ripe?" asked the wife.

"Absolutely," replied the clerk.

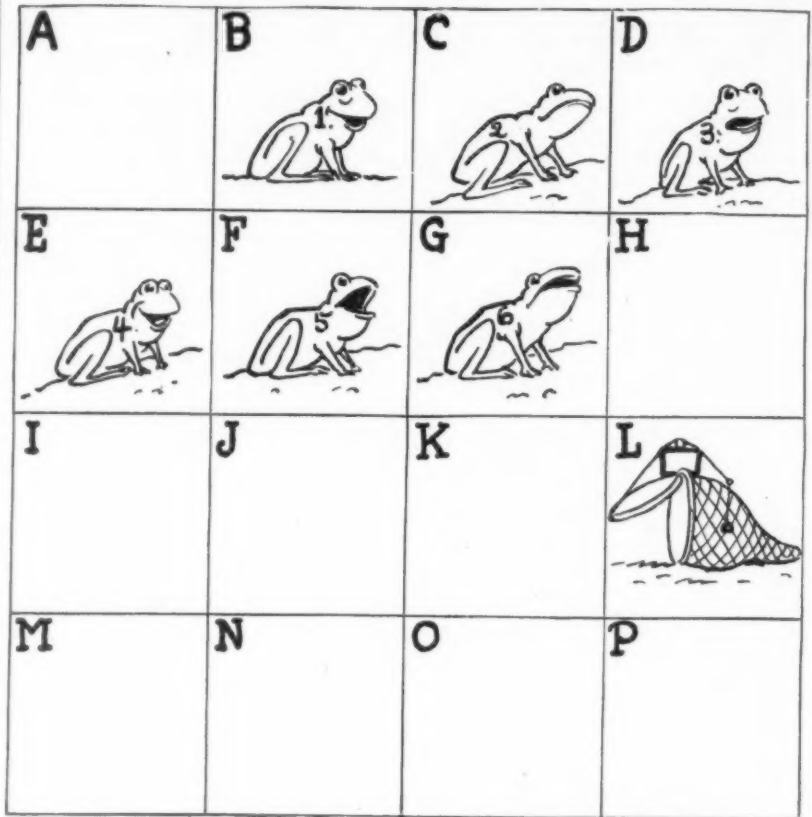
"Well, the name of a South American city a couple," said the young husband.

(Answers on page 30)

L I F E

Can You Get Frog No. 1 in the Trap?

(A Puzzle That Will Make You Hopping Mad)



THESE frogs, one to six, which are shown above, can, unlike checker men, jump over each other in any direction vertically, horizontally or diagonally. As in checkers each frog that is jumped over is eliminated.

The object of this problem is to start the frogs jumping over and elimi-

nating each other so that frog number 1 (shown in square B) will be the last survivor, and so that in his last jump over his lone remaining opponent he lands in Life's patented fly trap shown in square L.

Try and do it.

(SOLUTION NEXT WEEK)



The father who heard that a good scare would cure the hiccuppers.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Silence"

SOME time ago a film expert in Hollywood took this department to task in his sheet because we approved of Peggy Shannon's acting in "The Secret Call." After seeing her in "Silence" we are relieved of the threat of an inferiority complex brought on by Bob Wagner's brutal criticism of our criticisms. Miss Shannon together with Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau, Willard Robertson and John Wray put on an exhibition of plain and fancy emoting in this film that is worth anybody's two hours.

The story was written by Max Marcin who also assisted Louis Gasnier with the directing. Together they manage to avoid most of the hackneyed situations that creep into tales about no-good fathers who refuse to admit the paternity of their daughters rather than bring unhappiness to the chee-ild. The sacrifice in this case is made by Mr. Brook, and is quite acceptable until the last scene which will bring a tear to the eyes of the emotional movie fans, but will leave the more material-minded patrons wondering if Clive isn't being a bit too big about the darned thing.

Two unusually impressive scenes are the one in which Miss Shannon learns that the crook is her father, and the one in which John Wray tries to sell "the letters" to the girl's adopted father. Mr. Wray's acting in this bit makes him stand out in a cast that is extraordinarily proficient.

Expert sound reproduction and intelligent photography complete a motion picture that will give satisfaction to everybody but the very picky—regardless of how many stories you have seen or read that bear a similarity.

(And as for you, Robert Wagner, I can only say that when I read page 18 of the August 22nd issue of the "Script" I was so shocked I'm still laughing.)

"The Miracle Woman"

THIS picture is a well directed slam at commercial evangelism with a personal sock at Aimee Semple McPherson and her Los Angeles tabernacle. We hurry to state, however, that the character of "The Miracle Wo-

man," as portrayed by Barbara Stanwyck, has little in common with the past history of the famous Aimee. At no time does Barbara walk back from a buggy ride . . . she does not know any radio announcer . . . and she does not pop her mother on the nose.

Here's a general idea of what's what—

Because of the ill-treatment her father had received while he was pastor of a small church, Barbara loses all faith in religion and goes into the evangelist business, solely for profit. With Sam Hardy as the promoter they stage a swell show. The choir is dressed in fancy, musical comedy costumes, the stage setting is theatrical, and Barbara adds the finishing touch by delivering



"I'm sorry, Mr. Bumble, but I'm busy tonight. Can't you give me a buzz sometime next week?"

her sermons from a den full of lions . . . depicting the power of faith. The catch in the thing, of course, is that a great many earnest believers are taken in by the racket, and a great many unbelievers get religion and repent on Barbara's altar. A blind war victim (David Manners) walks into the picture and makes her realize the error of her ways, so she gives up the evangelist business and goes straight.

Director Frank Capra has managed to create several original situations out of a story that is far from new, and the cast behaves entertainingly under his guidance.

Having thrived on publicity, La McPherson will probably welcome this movie, and she may even find material for a sermon or two in it for her flock.

However, we do not believe she can laugh off Walter O'Keefe's gag in the *Third Little Show*:

"California is God's country—and Aimee Semple McPherson is the cashier."

"The Last Flight"

IF you will go to this picture—relax—enjoy the proficient performances of Richard Barthelmess and his well selected helpers—get into the mood of John Monk Saunders' quaint dialog—and not become analytical about causes and effects, you will get a lot of pleasure out of "The Last Flight." Familiarity with Mr. Saunders' magazine stories, "Nikki and Her Fliers," will prepare you for the aimless whimsy of the lines and eccentric behavior of the characters. But in case you are not acquainted with Nikki and her pals . . .

"The Last Flight" depicts the after effects of the World War on four fliers and a girl. The boys are suffering from nerves brought on by injuries and shock. Just how the girl gets into the picture is a bit vague. You will find her sitting in a Paris bar . . . she is full of champagne and quaint expressions . . . the boys accept her as a pal and they go places.

Here is the warning: With money enough to drink and travel as they please, and physical injuries that appear to be minor, you will hardly be prepared to accept the boys' strange actions as a result of war "nerves." That's the angle about which you must not be analytical. Just accept the characters as a collection of unusual, interesting youngsters whose eccentricities only make them seem charmingly ga-ga.

Mr. Barthelmess turns in another smooth, skilful job; Helen Chandler is perfectly cast as *Nikki*; David Manners, Elliott Nugent and John Mack Brown are colorful and convincing as the other aviators; and Walter Byron does some swell leering and lechering as the bad egg.

CONTRACT BRIDGE *by* ELY CULBERTSON



PROBLEMS AND POST MORTEM
Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

A Richly Rewarded Psychic

WHEN camouflage and psychic bidding were introduced into Contract they were considered by conservative players as utterly insane—if not unethical. While some of the psychic bidding practised today is idiotic, surprise tactics are sanctioned by the best players and are perfectly ethical if no private understanding of any kind exists.

A daring, brilliant player holding the West cards in the following hand achieved a remarkable result on an absurdly weak holding:

Dealer—South
North-South Vulnerable

♠ 9	♥ Q-8-5-2	♦ 7-2	♣ Q-10-9-6-4-2
♠ 6-2	♥ J-4-3	♦ K-J-10-4	♣ A-K-7-3
♠ A-K-J-10-4-3	♥ A-9	♦ Q-8-6-3	♣ 8
♠ Q-8-7-5	♥ K-10-7-6	♦ A-9-5	♣ J-5

The deal came up in a team of four match, four teams competing. At most of the tables, while the bidding varied, it proceeded normally, with North and South holding the whip hand.

The Bidding at one table was:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 NT	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	5 ♠ (1)	Pass
6 ♠			

(1) A slam invitation of doubtful wisdom in view of North's weakness in hearts and lack of knowledge as to partner's heart holding.

The six spades contract was made by Declarer because, with only two trumps in dummy he felt forced to take his spade finesse on the first lead of trumps. If he had played his King of spades first on the chance of dropping a singleton Queen, taking the finesse on the second round, the hand would be set one trick as East would be sure to make a trump trick.

At another table a slam in spades was bid:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	3 NT (1)	Pass
5 ♠ (2)	Pass	6 ♠ (3)	

(1) A questionable bid, justified by the honor-trick holding but dangerous in view of North's weak hearts.

(2) A sound slam invitation in view of length and strength of spades and North's showing of at least three honor-tricks.

(3) A justifiable slam bid even with only two cards in the trump suit, in

view of partner's declared length and strength.

At another table the slam was bid in diamonds!

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	3 ♦ (1)	Pass
3 ♠ (2)	Pass	3 NT (3)	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	6 ♦ (4)	

(1) A jump takeout (forcing) announcing three honor-tricks.

(2) A fine rebid showing additional length and honor-tricks.

(3) Justified by honor strength but doubtful in view of the heart situation.

(4) A questionable slam try. Neither partner can count on more than six honor-tricks in the combined holding. The bidding shows no more.

AT either diamonds or spades the slam is a lay down after the spade finesse wins. A slam in spades gives North and South a total of 1,530 points—500 for the vulnerable game, 180 for tricks, 100 for honors and 750 for the slam. At diamonds the total is 160 less because of the loss of honors and lower trick value.

Compare this magnificent reward of daring if somewhat unsound bidding with the result from even more daring psycho-surprise tactics employed by West at one table:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	1 NT (1)	Double (2)	Pass
Pass (3)	2 ♣ (4)	Double (5)	Pass
Pass (6)			

(Continued on page 28)



"Of course you boys use the forcing system."



Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Plymouth.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.00 (X)—The new principals, Edith Taliaferro and Donald Brian, lack the adroit timing of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in handling the delightfully insincere lines, but it is still a very amusing show.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs.—No Saturday performances)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

PRECEDENT. *Bijou.* \$3.00 (*)—An effective, well-acted play based on the Mooney-Billings case. Recommended.

THE UNEXPECTED HUSBAND. *48th Street.* \$3.00 (*)—With none but the good shows able to stand the financial lethargy of Summer, this one won't be around long. Hugh Cameron gives a commendable performance.

MUSICAL

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Because of his performance, we nominate Fred Astaire as the rightful successor to Jack Donahue. Get in if you can.

THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box.* \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee.)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that

Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl. They certainly didn't have any when the show opened.

SHOOT THE WORKS. *Cohan.* \$3.00—This is Heywood Brown's show for the benefit of unemployed talent. Some good numbers, and if you like Heywood it's the chance of a lifetime.

RECORDS

COLUMBIA

BEGGING FOR LOVE.—Guy Lombardo & His Royal Canadians playing this charming melody with their mellowest saxophones. Carmen Lombardo sings the chorus. and

SWEET AND LOVELY.—Another foxtrot, in a livelier tempo, by Guy's expert hired help.

I LOVE LOUISA. (*The Band Wagon*) and

WHAT IS IT?—Smith Ballew and His Piping Rock Orchestra. Nothing sensational. Just comfortable dance records.



"That reminds me, Alfred, you must speak to father about our engagement."

I'M GOOD FOR NOTHING BUT LOVE.—Ruth Etting records a number she does in *The Follies*. Not the type song she does best but very good nevertheless. and

I'M FALLING IN LOVE.—Recommended.

ME.—The Knickerbockers dash off a light tune in which the lyrics are wordy but don't mean much. and

SLOW BUT SURE.—A little more sustained melody and fewer words.

MY SWEET TOOTH SAYS I WANNA BUT MY WISDOM TOOTH SAYS NO and **NOBODY LOVES NO BABY LIKE MY BABY LOVES ME.**—Ben Selvin knows his business and directs his orchestra in some fast feature work. The lyrics are pretty terrible.

JUST A MINUTE MORE TO SAY GOODBYE and

YOU ARE THE ROSE OF MY HEART.—Even Art Gillham's piano playing cannot redeem this one, so you know it must be bad.

SHEET MUSIC

I APOLOGIZE. (*No show*)

BEGGING FOR LOVE. (*No show*)

TO-NIGHT and

WHEN YOUR BOY BECOMES A MAN. (*Free For All*)

AS TIME GOES BY. (*No show*)

A LITTLE LESS OF MOONLIGHT A LITTLE MORE OF YOU. (*No show*)

MOVIES

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL. *Fox.*—Will Rogers as a conservative father who takes up a silk hat, tail coat and whoopee to teach his irresponsible sons a lesson. Some fun.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN. *Paramount.*—Not as good as "Tom Sawyer" but Junior Durkin's fine performance makes it worth while.

SPORTING BLOOD. *Metro.*—Horse people will love this race track story. Others will be bored stiff. Clark Gable and Madge Evans appear at a disadvantage.

THE STAR WITNESS. *Warners.*—The best film sermon against the racketeer to date. Excellent cast includes "Chic" Sale, Walter Huston and Frances Starr.

RECKLESS HOUR. *First National.*—Birth-control comes to the movies . . . and is Will Hays' face red. Tsk, tsk! Well acted picture, and you must see this innovation. Don't take Junior.

TRANSATLANTIC. *Fox.*—A good movie that might have been a great one if Director William Howard had not become so intrigued with a gun fight that he neglected his climax. And good news . . . Greta Nissen can speak English now. Also flowers for Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran and Billy Bevan.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. *Paramount.*—Not as much of a tragedy as you may believe if you have read the newspaper accounts of Theodore Dreiser's charges against the Paramount Company for mistreating his novel. Some glaring faults but worth while for the big moments.

POLITICS. *Metro-Goldwyn.*—You'd probably go to see Marie Dressler no matter what we said—and any time you see her she will make you laugh—which she will in this one—so go ahead.

She Needed Help!

SHE needed someone to tell her why the women in her little town no longer asked her to their weekly bridge parties, or to accompany them to the matinee. She needed someone to explain to her why men seldom called more than once, and why she found herself out of the pleasant social activities that meant so much to her. In short, she needed to be told the truth about herself. Unfortunately, the truth in this case was not a matter anyone cared to discuss. Not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.



Before social engagements, end halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

Science reveals Listerine, always safest of antiseptics, now the swiftest of deodorants. Overcomes immediately odors other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is also the swiftest of deodorants—the ideal solution for oral hygiene—one on which you can place complete reliance.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection; reduces bacteria 98%.

Immediate Deodorant Effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist.

"Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to Taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a fresh, pleasant taste and leaves an invigorating after-effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't Harm Tissue or Teeth

It is a comfort to realize that no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, or attack metal fillings in teeth, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect is al-

ways beneficial, a fact long known to the medical profession.

Always keep Listerine in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Tuck a bottle in the side pocket of your car. Remember, it is a precaution against infection. And also, your assurance that your breath will not offend others. Our free Book of Etiquette is yours for the asking. Write Dept. L.I.9 Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

8 Reasons Why Millions Prefer Listerine:

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. Pleasant to taste.
6. Does not attack metal fillings in teeth.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC—KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Flora is a wife whose husband can't put anything over on her."

"How's that?"

"When she heard him talking in his sleep she went to sleep herself and talked right back at him."

—Pathfinder.

A doctor declares that germs always work in threes or fours for company's sake. We are glad to hear this as we should hate to think of a measles suffering from that solitary feeling.

—Punch.

"When the magistrate asked me how old I was I couldn't remember exactly whether I was twenty-four or twenty-five."

"And what did you say?"

"Eighteen."

—Passing Show.

A number of drinking vessels, apparently thousands of years old, have been unearthed in Greece. Of prehistoric origin, evidently.

—The Humorist.

Izzy Elinson would have you believe that things have come to a pretty pass when a hot dog peddler in the Wall Street sector has a sign on his wagon reading: "Business Men's Lunch."

—N. Y. Mirror.



GOVERNESS: What are you children doing on the floor?

JACK: We're playing hospital.

GOVERNESS: And what's Molly doing up there?

JACK: She has gone to a mountain sanatorium.

—Passing Show.



"Take hold of this oar, John; and don't speak with your mouth full in front of the children!"

—The Humorist.

WIFE (*who is always ailing*): You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, dear?

HUSBAND: With pleasure, darling.

—The Outspan.

BRIDE: You must not expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once.

BRIDEGROOM: Certainly not, my dear. Go on taking an allowance from your father as if nothing had happened.

—Pearson's.

A writer says that only those who have suffered can write modern fiction. If so, any one who has read modern fiction should be able to write it.

—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

JONES: I tell you, I work with my head!

SMITH: Oh, yeah? And so does a woodpecker!

—Pathfinder.

They were becalmed in their sailing yacht, and his wife grew impatient and fussy.

"For heaven's sake," he broke out at last, "do you want me to jump overboard and tow you home?"

"Well," she snarled, "I was wondering how long it would take for that to occur to you."

—Boston Transcript.

SERGEANT (*at morning calisthenics*): Breathing exercise—inhale at "one," exhale at "two." Ready, exercise—one, two; one, two; one, halt. Cease breathing. Rest.

—S. S. West Virginia Mountaineer.

An American film-actress has been married nearly five years. There is some talk of the happy couple celebrating their celluloid wedding.

—Punch.

The baby was being displayed to admiring callers.

"Dear me," exclaimed one visitor, who seemed to find it difficult to know what to say. "How much he resembles his father!"

"Oh, that's only the hot weather," replied the young mother. "As a rule he's quite cheerful-looking."

—Tit-Bits.



GET THE LOW-DOWN ON THE BALLOON BALL

Should the balloon ball be squeezed back into the old size? Or should we have the golf holes made a few sizes larger? . . . If we did either, how would we get along without the "balloon-ball alibi" for those scores of ours?

The American Golfer for September brings you the low-down on the balloon-ball crisis, as seen by O. B. Keeler, veteran golfing expert. It also brings you first-aid remedies suggested by Grantland Rice, to be applied when your game breaks down on the thirteenth hole . . . and the first of a series of articles in which Billy Burke, National Open Champion, explains the methods which have brought him success.

You will find many other excellent features in the September issue: Bobby Jones' pre-view of the coming

battle at Beverly for the Amateur Championship . . . Innis Brown's estimate of Tommy Armour's chances of defending his honors in the Professional Golf Association tournament at Providence . . . the remarkable "saga" of Billy Burke . . . many pages of other readable golf articles . . . and scores of action photographs.

You won't want to miss the September issue . . . nor those of the months to come which will bring you the thrills of your favorite sport, plus the finest, most practical instruction, throughout the winter when you need them most.

The cost of two whole years of The American Golfer (24 issues) is less than the price of a new brassie . . . infinitely less than the solid satisfaction of a single well-played round of golf.

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issue
now on sale
25¢*

THE AMERICAN GOLFER

EDITORS: GRANTLAND RICE • INNIS BROWN • "BOBBY" JONES • GLENNA COLLETT

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"Twelve Golf Lessons", an illustrated booklet of instruction by famous golfing experts of America and the British Isles

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Abe Mitchell . . . Jock Hutchison
Willie Macfarlane . . . Ernest Jones
Johnny Farrell . . . and others




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Solution of September 4 Puzzle

GLIB	SHEET	RAPS
ROLL	POKER	ALOE
ISLE	OPERA	NILE
GEYSERS	DOCTOR	
SAT	CZECH	
CHEER	CUE	TOPER
LORD	TIPPLE	AXE
ERK	SET	HAT
ADO	MARTYR	BIRD
TERSE	OER	HOOTS
PLANE	CUT	
FLOATS	PORCHES	
LOUD	TACIT	HALL
EASE	ELOPE	ERSE
ANTS	RAGES	SEED

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.


- (1) Scramble *cheers* with a *c* and get another noise.
- (2) Scramble *panic* with a *g* and get an uneasy walk.
- (3) Scramble *finder* with an *s* and get some people you like.
- (4) Scramble *drain* with a *c* and get sour.
- (5) Scramble *tactile* with a *d* and get slatted.

Answers on page 30.



HENRY A. ROST
President




 Ideally located on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and The Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . everything to make your visit an enjoyable one.
 . . .

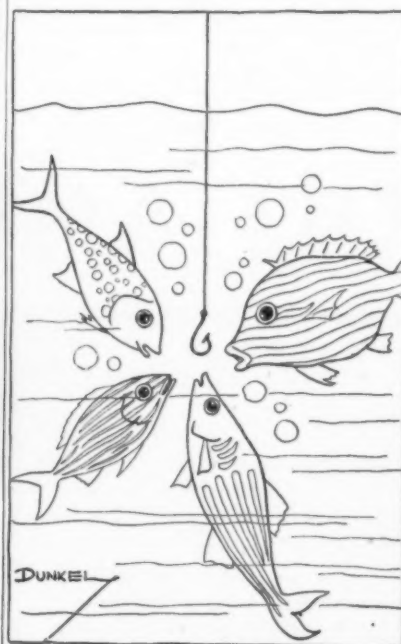
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**HOTELS
OF
DISTINCTION**



FRED STERRY
President

JOHN D. OWEN
Manager



The plumber goes fishing.

Books and Authors

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN may write pretty good stories. But he is undoubtedly one of America's best jai a'lai players.

He actually boasts that he is the champion of that fast Cuban game in his home state of Alabama.

"Another fellow there plays jai a'lai, too," he explained. "I taught him."

As practically no other Americans know this game, Cohen, a slim wiry, youngish man of quiet distinguished manner and soft exact speech, goes annually to the island where he can get a match. Another Cuban pastime at which he is expert is dancing, and he can give accurate demonstrations of the Son and Rumba.

Between times he consoles himself with any available sport. "I play lousy golf, terrible tennis, bad squash, swim and play handball fairly well, and contrive a pretty good game of contract bridge," he sums the situation.

His secret hobby is ships, and his knowledge of them amazing. Show Roy Cohen a picture of any passenger steamer of over ten thousand tons in commission and he will tell you the name of the ship, its length, tonnage, home port, ports of call . . . and in the case of the larger liners he can even give you sailing dates.

This writer of Negro stories, who lives in Birmingham, was born in Charleston, S. C. His family have lived there over 300 years. Not only has he no trace of a southern accent himself but says the classic drawl is synthetic unless the Southerner comes from an extremely small community or plantation.

A pleasant, rather diffident man whose curse is his ability to see a joke on himself, he has some decided hates:

He hates people who fight over the bridge table.

He hates people who lie about their golf scores . . . and

He hates being sea-sick . . . and always is when in an airplane.

He reads prodigiously. "I consider," he stated, "that Nunnally Johnson is our Greatest American Humorist."

Mr. Cohen's latest book is "Cameos" . . . a very entertaining collection of short stories.

—Maxine Davis.



Small-Bubble Lather BANISHES evening shave nuisance

Because Colgate's softens beards at the skin-line,
Colgate's shaves are close—and much longer-lasting

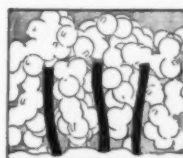
There's only one reason for having to shave again in the evening. It's *this*. Your blade in the morning didn't shave close enough. But lather up with Colgate's . . . your beard is softened *at the base* . . . your razor takes off each whisker clean and close. Result: a longer lasting shave.

Here's why . . . the minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base. Your shave is there—fine, closer, smoother, longer-lasting.

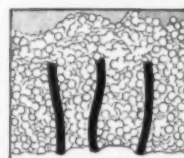
FREE!

Colgate's After-Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing . . . invigorating . . . delightful . . . the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.

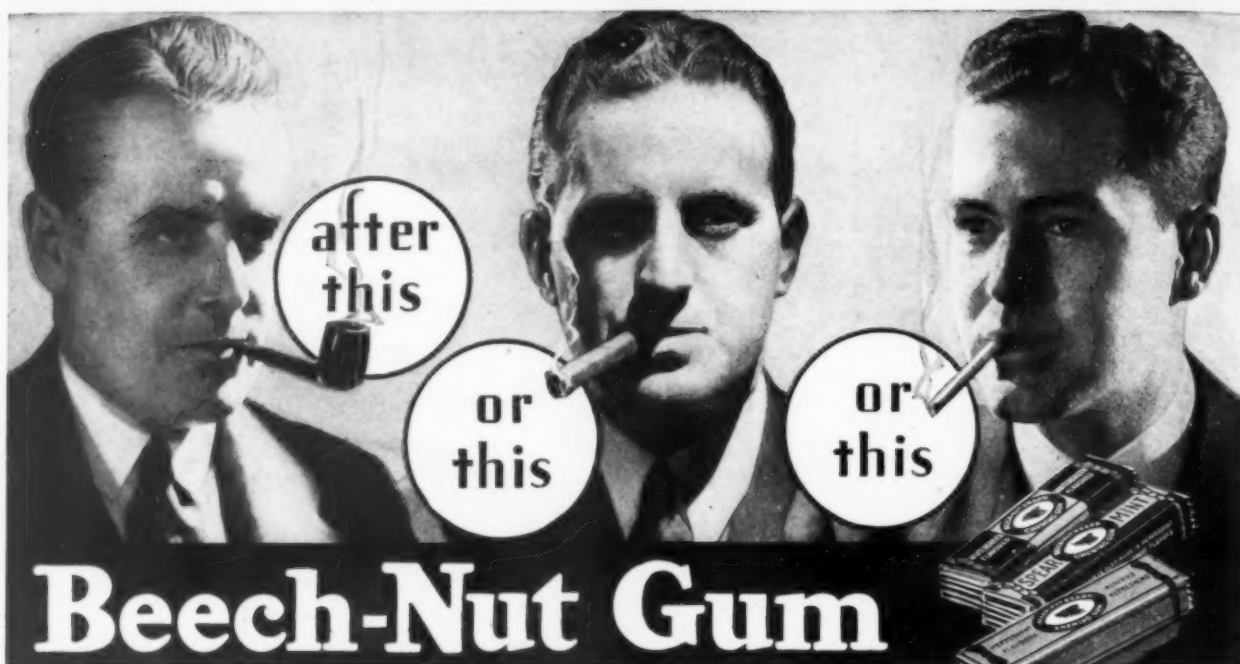


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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. *Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum.* There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

Made by Beech-Nut Packing Company—Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Contract Bridge by Ely Culbertson

(Continued from page 20)

(1) *A psychic, inhibitory notrump, dangerous when partner has not had opportunity to reveal his weakness by a pass. Such bidding is only possible when the hand holds escape possibilities, as in the club suit. West makes a bluff sortie.*

(2) *A penalty double which if allowed by West to remain in would probably result in North and South taking twelve tricks—a loss of 1,400 points.*

(3) *A sound pass. Game is more than likely, but a penalty of 1,000 or more is highly probable.*

(4) *The escape! The blackjack in West's pocket! With a hand that is defenseless against spades, West, when he made his psychic notrump bid, hoped to play the hand at a low club contract doubled, which in all probability would not lose as much as would be lost through opponents making a vulnerable game.*

(5) *North's hand seems best suited for a penalty double—almost a request to partner to choose game or penalties.*

(6) *A very bad leave-in. North has shown tremendous strength and game*

with South's hand appears almost certain while the severity of the penalty at clubs is extremely doubtful in spite of South's honor strength. South explained that he felt that West was out on a limb between two stone crushers—a precarious and a somewhat mixed metaphorical position.

North and South played a fine defensive game compensating for their walking open-eyed into West's psychic trap. North opened with the six of spades which South won with his ten spot and led his spade King. Declarer trumping with the deuce. Declarer then played two rounds of trumps, North ducking the first lead but taking the second with his King. At this point North made the fine play of the four of diamonds which Declarer took with the Ace. No matter what Declarer now did his contract was set, as he could not

exhaust the adverse trumps and establish his hearts in time. A heart lead by North would have given Declarer his contract. The set of two tricks doubled, a loss of a meagre 200 points, gave East and West a win on the hand by the magnificent total of not less than 1,230 points.

Well timed psycho-surprise bidding, when successful, reaps its rewards from errors of opponents whose bidding machinery does not work well with a wrench in it. Far from being insane, such tactics are the mark of skill and separate by a wide gulf the imaginative, daring player from the plodder.

Answer to Last Weeks "Flying" Puzzle





"That's a heck of a license number to give a golf champion!"

"Few audiences enjoy a talkie in which the hero is killed at the end," says a film critic. In some cases, we are inclined to think that they would prefer it if the hero was bumped off somewhere very near the beginning.

—The Humorist.

Old Giles had worked nearly forty years as gardener and odd-job man, and was apparently contented, until one day his employer added the care of the poultry to the old fellow's duties.

"I want you to write on each egg the date it is laid and the name of the hen that laid it," said the employer.

The following day Giles approached his employer.

"I'm leaving," he said.

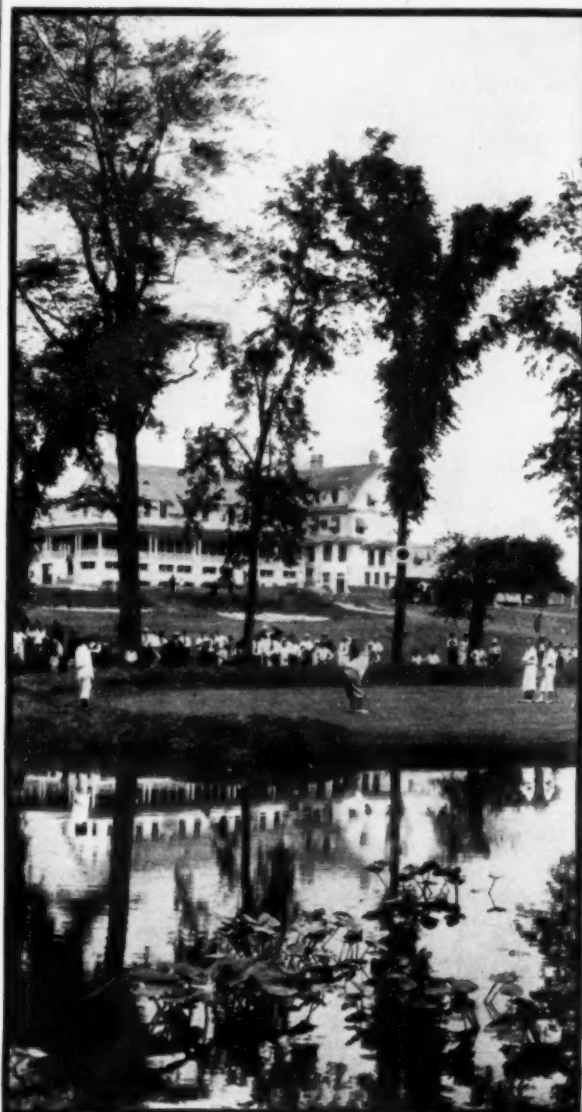
"Leaving! Why?"

"Well," Giles answered, "I've done nearly everything on this estate for the last forty years, but I ain't going to be secretary to your bloomin' hens."

—Tit-Bits.



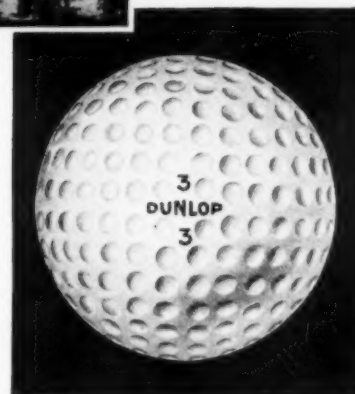
FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA



When you
tee up here
you need

**DUNLOP
DISTANCE**

Ninth hole at
Shackamaxon Country Club,
Westfield, N. J.



ONE look at this island green shows why you need Dunlop distance here. The tee is set far back, requiring a fine drive and good iron to reach the pin. Just the kind of a hole that you play with confidence, when you play the Imported Dunlop. And with the Imported Dunlop you get more than distance. You get dependability on the fairway, accuracy on the green. Look back over all your golfing experience: Have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop—At your pro's today.

**IMPORTED \$1
DUNLOP**

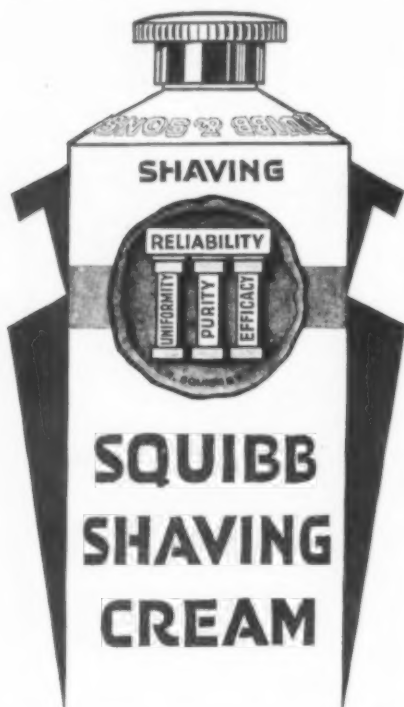
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L I F E

ALL the comfort you've ever found in a shave, you'll get from the first action of Squibb Shaving Cream—the double-action shaving cream.

And the second action brings you a new luxury. For it replaces the soothing oils which keep your face comfortable and healthy.

Ask your druggist for a free sample or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.



MISS PINK (on the bathing beach): Have you ever been rescued, Miss Prym?

MISS PRYM: No, I can't get a man to save my life.—*London Opinion.*

Great Dramas In Sport

(Continued from page 15)

... two ... one. The team of Howard and Worrell, relieving each other at frequent intervals, rocking with intolerable weariness, tried to keep up with Louise Armaindo ... tried with every bit of courage and strength they had ... and failed.

Thunders of applause rocked the old hall when the finishing gun sounded, and Howard and Worrell were seven miles behind the firm fleshed little Canadienne ... Miss Armaindo's flashing eyes were not drugged with fatigue. ... She seemed quite capable of going on ... and on ... if necessary. ... But Nellie and Carrie, who had done only half as much as she, collapsed, and were carried off to their beds.

Answers to Crazy Tales

on page 18

- (1) Yukon—Bolivia.
- (2) Astrakhan—Danube.
- (3) Yucatan—Chesapeake.
- (4) Caracas.

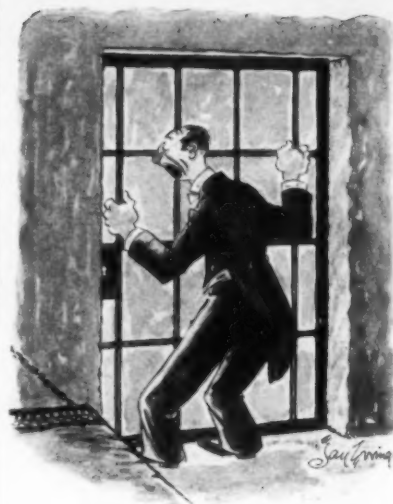
PATIENT: Are you sure this medicine is some good, doctor?

DOCTOR (grimly): Yes, it's the one I always make up for people who drag me out of bed at this time of the night.

—*Dublin Opinion.*

Telephone girls, we are reminded, have become film actresses, achieved fame as motorists, and written novels. We are patiently waiting for one who will strike an entirely original note and give us the right number.

—*Humorist.*



"Hey! Have a heart! This is a hired snit and it's costing me five bucks a day!"

A doctor was called upon to attend the butler of an aristocratic but impecunious patient. A superficial examination revealed the fact that there was nothing whatever the matter with him.

"It's like this, sir," said the butler, in a hoarse whisper, "er ladyship owes me six pounds in wages, and I'm going to stop 'ere until I get it."

"Move over," said the doctor. "She owes me fifty."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Invigorating and delicious—Teed Tea flavored with Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 26

- (1) Screech.
- (2) Pacing.
- (3) Friends.
- (4) Rancid.
- (5) Latticed.



"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

© 1921 Dr. Seuss.

(Advertisement)



"Will you stop asking me questions?"
"Why?"

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided more than 54,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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As refreshing as a northwest breeze, and just as lively—White Rock, the Leading Mineral Water, and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale.

FIRST CLUBMAN (*discussing new member*): Rather a blunt—er—out-spoken kind of person—isn't he?

SECOND CLUBMAN (*feelingly*): Very! I was his partner at bridge last night. He is the sort of fellow who calls a spade *three spades!*

—The Humorist.

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A MODERN MID-TOWN HOTEL

15 floors devoted to luxurious hospitality. Every room with bath. Single, \$3-\$4, Double, \$4.50-\$7.

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TREMONT ST.—near Boston Common

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HILLEGOM ▲ HOLLAND

1931

BLUMENHOF, world-famous because of our participation in the important exhibitions of Antwerp, London and Paris, offers a JUBILEE collection of rich colored flowers.

Send your order today and get acquainted with our professionally chosen JUBILEE collection.

This collection is composed of magnificent colors in red, white, blue, yellow, rose, lilac, violet and black. Each packed separately with name.

- 40 Tulips (single) 40 Tulips (double) in 4 very beautiful colors
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- 15 Narcissus (single) 15 Narcissus (double) in 4 colors
- 25 Crocuses or "Winterqueens"—25 Dutch Irises
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- 50 prepared flower-ognons for home cultivation composed by us of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus and Crocuses

Very simple handling clearly indicated in our prospectus in French and English

Delivery free of charge at destination. As no reimbursement is admitted in U. S. A., please let us have the required amount. This magnificent collection costs \$5—a double collection \$9. Special conditions for wholesale. To each order we add free of charge: 10 Poloo-negro "Kermisdroogbloeters".



Minot's Ledge Light—on Outer Minot near the entrance to Boston Bay. Established eighty-one years ago.

Character beams forth in silvery rays as the light-house flashes its guiding message to passing ships. Character stands out, too, in the pleasant fragrance and rich flavor of



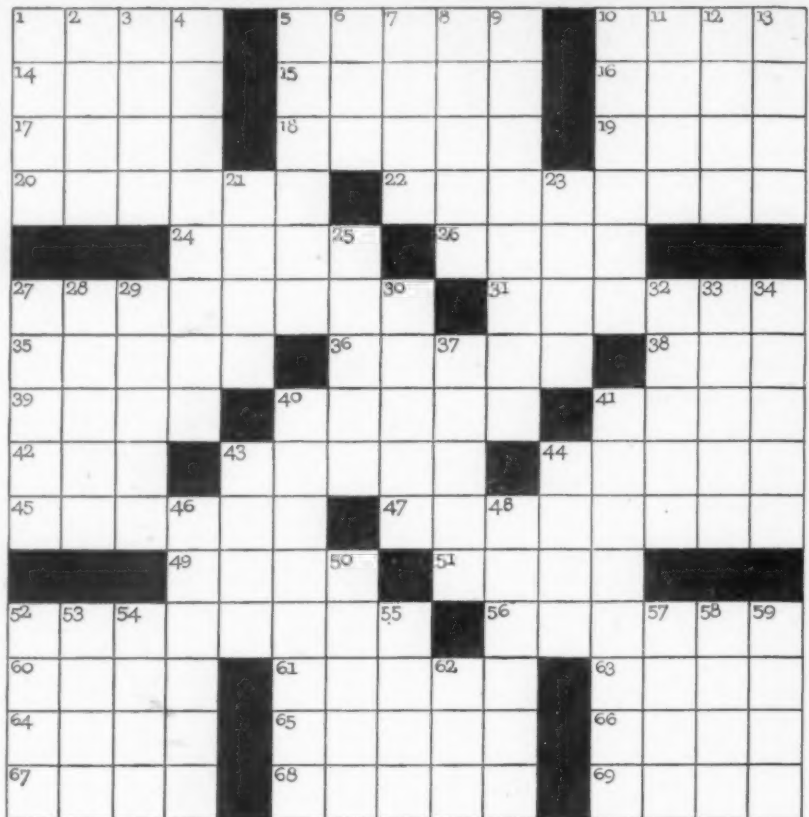
WIDER, day by day, spreads the circle of OLD BRIAR friendships. Men who have tried many other brands find in OLD BRIAR'S inviting fragrance and flavor a sparkling quality they have never known before. It is not just another brand to be sampled with indifferent enjoyment. It is a different kind of blend . . . a rare combination of choice tobaccos . . . with a distinctive character you will like.



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TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. This is as low as a man can go.
5. Marked with time.
10. Kind of dance.
14. Solo part.
15. Italian tree.
16. A shining ring.
17. Low tide.
18. This is very speedy.
19. A continent.
20. A wet blanket.
22. Oh, how careless!
24. This is growing on the girls.
26. This is for the cat.
27. This is no place for a married man.
31. Punish.
35. Army truck.
36. Beat with a stick.
38. Down with sickness.
39. A little bun.
40. This goes about a yard.
41. Use this when danger threatens.
42. Turkish gentleman.
43. Swell.
44. Mother-of-pearl.
45. Easily impressed.
47. One of the men who runs things.
49. These are in the best cellars.
51. Related.
52. Decked with garlands.
56. The part of this country that is really dry.
60. A school term.
61. To slur over.
63. Musical instrument.
64. Formerly.
65. To clinch.
66. A sound of pain.
67. Afternoon functions.
68. Small ducks.
69. Conclusions.

DOWN

1. The tie that binds.
2. Extent.
3. Asiatic kingdom.
4. Precious stone.
5. A Dickens heroine.
6. Wing shaped.
7. What the waiter waits for.
8. Misfortunes.
9. Devote.
10. Pure.
11. One of the winkers.
12. Medley.
13. Prod.
21. This is not hard.
23. To cover with stones.
25. This fellow is always kicking.
27. Iron shoe tip.
28. A house in the park.
29. Wind instrument.
30. Grazing land.
32. A relative.
33. Dazzling light.
34. Church dignitary.
37. Perfume.
40. Abets.
41. This kind of girl gets her man.
43. Overpower.
44. African river.
46. Bills of exchange.
48. Triangular pieces in skirts.
50. A Sultan of Turkey.
52. Sharpen.
53. This is seldom seen.
54. Wagnerian heroine.
55. Take a header.
57. Black.
58. Highway.
59. Numbers.
62. Aqueous vapor.



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



DOES "THUNDER ON THE TRACK" SPEED YOUR CIGARETTES?

**Then you'll want
that
Cleaner Taste!**

When thoroughbreds thunder into the home stretch and things you hope for are in the balance by a nose... do your cigarettes take up the pace? That's the time to learn that Spud is a thoroughbred too! For Spud's cooler smoke always leaves your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your session with its lusty tobacco fragrance. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker, Spud is the "mouth-happy" cigarette... the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

**POWDER-PROOF, PERFUME-PROOF,
GERM-PROOF**

Smoke a fresh cigarette



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Camels in the new Humidor Pack have been hailed with delight by the ladies.

For that air-sealed wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane is also powder-proof, perfume-proof and germ-proof.

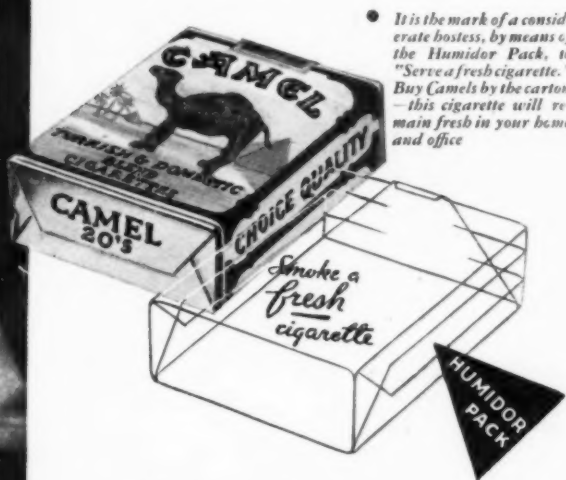
Then too, the lady-of-the-house can stock up with Camels knowing that the last pack in the carton will be as fresh and mild as the first.

Each single package is a humidor that preserves all the flavor of choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos for the smoker.

While these advantages are very real, after all the important fact is what the Humidor Pack does for the cigarette.

After the cool, mild fragrance of a perfectly conditioned Camel, it's an affront to the throat to inhale the harsh hot smoke of a parched-dry, stale cigarette.

If you are one who has not yet discovered Camels, just switch over to this famous brand for one day. Then quit them — if you can.



CAMELS
NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE